

# The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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No. 13

## Note and Comment

Political conditions are very much more settled than a week ago. Mr. Cross has returned to the Rutherford cabinet and the work of the session is proceeding, the cabinet being supported by a majority, which though small, can evidently be relied on. A reorganization of some kind will be necessary later, but in the meanwhile it was essential that the work of legislation should be carried on under some leadership and that the state of absolute chaos which prevailed for some days should be put an end to.

The appointment of a royal commission, consisting of Justices Scott, Harvey and Beck, to make inquiry as to whether any member of the government or the legislature had an interest in the A. & G. W. enterprise, has met with practically unanimous approval. No one has made any definite charges of what is described by the very comprehensive word "graft." In fact, the Calgary Albertan, the strongest journalistic opponent of the government by all odds, states quite definitely that it cannot see anything has been adduced to lead to this suspicion, but it has gone abroad nevertheless and been carefully fostered by interested parties, who were, however, unwilling to take upon themselves the responsibility of making accusations that the persons affected might defend themselves from. The investigation will be of the widest character and, conducted as it will be by jurists in whom everyone must have the greatest confidence, should be able to determine once and for all whether in the transactions at any stage those charged with safeguarding the public interests sacrificed these in any way to their own.

But, of course, this judicial investigation leaves the question of the wisdom of the arrangement with the A. & G. W. people still before the province. That is a matter which will have to be decided through the ordinary constitutional agencies. A majority of the members of the legislature has expressed its confidence in the Administration. They have had a mass of information presented to them and have had the benefit of a comprehensive presentation of each side of the case. But behind them stand the people who sent them to Edmonton and much yet remains to be done before they are made fully cognizant of what impelled the government to act as it did what will be nothing short of an epoch-making enterprise for Alberta and of the provisions which they have made for safeguarding the general interests of the province. Once the people of Alberta have complete information on the subject and have time to think the subject over we have no doubt as to their verdict.

The road will bring about an economic revolution for the province. It has as much significance to Alberta, as we know it at present, as the C. P. R. enterprise had for the Canada of the seventies. It will bring the northern half of our territory, and a considerable stretch of country lying beyond its borders, all of which is known to possess very large natural resources, into communication with the settled portion. When this debate was begun, those who undertook to discuss the possibilities of this hinterland of ours, were told that such effort was quite unnecessary, that everyone recognized that we had a fine country up there; that it was all right, but the agreement was all wrong. Mr. Bennett's speech was, however, an eye-opener. Here was the man who admittedly was the greatest force in the onslaught upon the A. & G. W. agreement, and he rested a very large portion of his argument upon the statement that the country wasn't worth building into and couldn't furnish 210 cars of freight in a single year. There was nothing surprising about his assertion, though. He was more generous in his allowance than usual. In Calgary last spring he maintained that the railway was being built into a territory where there were "no people, not a stick of timber, no coal, no minerals nor anything of any kind."

Under these conditions, it is therefore a matter of first importance to lay before the public what reason there is for believing that a line to Fort Mc-

Murray will pay. If the country isn't worth any thing, the whole scheme is a piece of stupendous folly.

As to the territory which the road passes through, few will deny that a large part of it is of very considerable value from an agricultural standpoint. There is the further advantage that it is all open to settlement. There are no railway sections reserved as in the other parts of the province. The homesteader will have a chance which has not been open to him elsewhere. There are unquestionably stretches of poor land, but in what country is a uniform excellence of land to be found? There must always be a certain proportion that is waste.

The new line will undoubtedly be the means of providing homes for many thousands of new settlers between here and Fort McMurray. But it is in the development of the territory that lies beyond that point that we expect to see the main justification of the enterprise. It is a large undertaking to endeavor to indicate in the course of a single newspaper article all that has entered into the formation of the hopes that have been entertained in respect to these vast regions, which will, with the completion of the A. & G. W. first be placed in easy communication with the outside world. For

## Men in the Public Eye



Viscount Morley and Mr. Augustine Birrell,  
On their way to attend the first meeting of the  
Asquith cabinet after the general election.



Gifford Pinchot,

Late Chief Forester of the United States, whose dispute with Mr. Taft is a leading political topic across the border.

a minimum distribution of fully 1000 square miles and vary in thickness from 140 to 225 feet.

The Geological survey published a report on

There is no intention to attempt to summarize this here, but a few statements that appear in the volume may be called attention to.

The senate committee which made exhaustive investigation, calling for the evidence of those who had travelled extensively through the country, didn't agree with Mr. Bennett in its conclusions.

It was very much im-

pressed with the possibilities of the inland waterways, which will be available for commercial purposes, once the railway reaches Fort McMurray. By the construction of two tramways of an aggregate length of twenty miles, one at Fort Smith, 300 miles above Fort McMurray, and the other at The Chutes, near Fort Vermilion, a waterway will be obtained of no less than 3,000 miles, the longest inland water route in the world.

Throughout the vast territory there is wealth of every kind. Mr. Bredin, the former member for Athabasca after being a quarter of a century in the country, estimated that north of the 55th parallel of latitude there was not less than 100,000,000 acres of good agricultural land. The rivers and lakes teem with the best fish in the world. The mineral wealth includes deposits of coal, copper, silver, oil, gold, native salt, sulphur, ochre, land suitable for glass making, far sands, and much else as well.

Mr. Stewart, former Dominion superintendent of forestry, testified to the extent of the timber resources of the Mackenzie basin. He never saw such fine poplar anywhere. Spruce suitable for commercial purposes was found right at the Arctic Sea. Aspen, white poplar, balm of Gilead and birch were all found as far down as Fort McPherson, the last Hudson's Bay post on the river.

The supply of spruce was large enough to make it a factor in the pulp supply of the country.

Nor was Mr. Stewart lacking in enthusiasm in regard to other economic features. On the Mackenzie he saw a fish four feet long and weighing forty or fifty pounds. The tar sands at Fort McMurray had

these sands some time ago, which Mr. Stewart quoted. This report points out the uses to which they may be profitably utilized when the region is reached by railways. "Among the uses to which it is adopted may be mentioned roofing, paving, insulating electric wires, and it might also be mixed with the lignite which occurs in the neighborhood and pressed into briquettes for fuel."

"The tar sands," continues the report, "evidence an wellbeing of petroleum to the surface unequalled elsewhere in the world."

One could go on and fill the paper with testimony of this character. But enough has been brought out to indicate that the government was not altogether the pack of fools that Mr. Bennett would have us believe them to be to think of pledging the provinces' credit to the building of a railway in this direction.

With a railway at Fort McMurray, the Peace River country proper will be in much closer touch with the world than it has been hitherto. There is an uninterrupted waterway from Fort McMurray clear to Hudson's Hope in the Rockies, except for the short portage that has to be made near Fort Vermilion. What was thought of this country over twenty years ago by the late Dr. Dawson is shown by a dilapidated British Columbia bluebook which came into the writer's hands the other day, to which that distinguished explorer and scientist contributed. Here is part of what he wrote:

"The part of the Peace River country," Dr. Dawson declared, "of which I am able, from personal knowledge, to speak, is that lying south of the 57th parallel of latitude and reaching to the Athabasca River, and has an approximate area of 31,558 square miles. The Peace River country, I should say, is naturally separated from the Upper Saskatchewan by a band of poor land along the Athabasca. The average elevation of this region is about 2,000 feet above the sea, or a little more than that. The soil is a very fine silt, which, where it is the best, very much resembles that of the Red River Valley, and is quite different from most of the soil intervening between the Red River Valley and the Peace River country. The fertility of the soil, owing to the small attempts yet made at cultivation in that district, is chiefly evinced by the extraordinary luxuriance of the natural vegetation found upon it. In general the Peace River Country is more or less densely wooded, but there are considerable areas of prairie land also. West of the Smoky River, I have estimated that the area aggregates 3,000, miles or 19,200,000 acres. One of the largest prairies—Grand Prairie, south of Dunvegan Pass, has an area of 230,000 acres, nearly all prairie, with a few scattered groves of trees. The soil is magnificent; it is watered by beautiful streams, and is altogether one of the most attractive countries in a state of nature I have ever seen. The rest of the tract, 31,550 square miles, which from its flat character, and low elevation, constitutes the arable region, is, as a rule, wooded, and for the most part, with second growth wood, which consists of poplar, birch and spruce. Taking this area again, and deducting all the known districts which contain poor soil, and so per cent, besides to cover other areas which could not be cultivated, it leaves an area of the Peace River Valley, with soil suited to agriculture, of 23,500 square miles.

"To give some idea of the value of the region as an agricultural country, taking the area I have given, and supposing as a measure of its capacity—merely, of course, as an empirical supposition for the purpose of estimating its value, that the whole were sown in wheat, at twenty bushels to the acre, it would produce over 470,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. I believe that the whole of this area would eventually be cultivated. I am not quite sure that over every part of it, wheat will ripen and be a sure crop, but as far as we can judge of the climate, it is as good as, or better than that of Edmonton on the Saskatchewan River; and where wheat has been tried in the Peace River country, as a matter of fact, it succeeds, as well as other crops, such as oats and barley. We have therefore, every reason to believe that over the greater part of this area, wheat will be a satisfactory and sure crop. If only the estimated prairie be taken as immediately susceptible of cultivation, its yield, at the above rate estimated, would be 38,400,000 bushels."

(Continued on Page 5.)

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THE PRAIRIE WOMAN

One hand upheld to shield her eyes,  
She gazes far into the west,  
Where rosily the daylight dies  
And singing breezes croon of rest.

The stillness of the prairie lands

Creeps in across the endless miles,

And statuelike the woman stands

And dreams, perchance of other

whiles.

The plains as level as a sea,  
With wind-blown billows dip and rise;  
No wide outspreading, friendly tree  
Shows anywhere beneath the skies.

No good broad highway skirts the yard,

No neighbor is within her call;

Her fortune some would tell as hard,

Yet she—she does not mind at all.

What dreams came to her of the days

When she moved in a world of life.

Of fashions, shops and tea and plays

And pretty joy and pretty strife?

No dreams that are not overborne

By this vast vision that is hers

Of prairie land that night and morn

With never being breathes and stirs.

O, Prairie Woman! Brave and lone,  
You are the boldest pioneer.  
God send you come into your own  
And reap reward of peace and cheer.

One hand upheld to shield her eyes,  
She gazes out into the west,  
Where rosily the daylight dies  
And singing breezes croon of rest.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in  
Canada-West Monthly.

THE UNIVERSAL NOTE

Every year about this time, I fall  
head over ears in love with Edmonton.

I presume, wherever I was, every spring I should simply have to tumble in love with something, but Edmonton, well, when I die, you may prove it, "Edmonton," you will find, is graven on my heart. The open roads may call to many, leaping woods, and the exquisiteness of rural Nature, but me the city calls. The people with their faces, the hustle and the bustle and the joy and hope of it, the sound of the busy hammers at work again, the freshening up of the places of business, the setting in order of the homes of the people.

I presume when I came into the world, the good fairy presiding over my birth, said something like this:

"Into this child I will put the love of her kind, the joy of living, a fine appreciation of the common, everyday little incidents of life"—and, giving so much, qualified it by saying: "Having all this, and being a mad young thing at best, I must leave out the bit of poe, inherent in the most of mankind, else would this child babble on like the unending brook, forever, of leafy glades and wine-dark eyes and all the other pretty nothings of which poets for all time have sung."

Never, one of the exquisite dear mornings, but I rise to thank God for the mere joy of life. I am in love with the world. I am in love with the sunlight that streams in at my bed-room window. I kiss my children the more passionately that we can look together to work out our destinies amid such glorious, hopeful surroundings. I pat the faithful yellow dog, as I sit down to breakfast; and he looks round with a world of love in his eyes, and trails off to bask in the sun on my veranda. The boy loves it, and chatters contentedly of "dibs," and "coats being too warm for a fellow," and other boy things, and breakfast is a very feast of Thanksgiving for all of us.

I notice that the fern in the centre

of the table is putting forth tender, little, pale-green fronds. Hope and Spring and Fruition, think of it, springing to life under all that weight of earth.

Breakfast is a lengthy meal of late, eaten loiteringly, between excursions into the morning paper, and conversations about everything under Heaven.

In the kitchen the maids linger over their work, caught too by the spell of the sunshine streaming in at the open door-way. Who wants to hurry when so exquisite a world lies all about us!

But when I do get ready for the street—why then I wonder how I came to linger. There is so much to do and see.

Ahead of me, a farm wagon, the horses new-harnessed, has just jogged

"Looking pretty good to me," says a man to his companion, "I always think a new harness spells prosperity."

And the same idea seems to have gripped hold of everyone I meet, or everything I see.

Store-windows grow grey with winter dust and smoke, now shine a challenge to the great Sun-God himself. Dingy offices over which a pall of idleness and hopelessness seemed to have settled, are humming with the signs of renewed activity. In the milliner's windows there is an agreeable change, and stands that month in a month out, have displayed the same old models, are plazzing forth a veritable flower-garden of bloom and beauty.

A little bird sitting on a tree in a garden yesterday was filling the air with a gay little song.

"The finest spring on record," he was saying. "Like two years ago, only more so. I never recollect anything like it." At least, that is what the words of his song sounded like.

You never can hear the words of a song properly, but as everyone else was saying the same thing, it is safe to assume that she was joining in the general chorus.

Edmonton, on such a day is to my mind the most attractive city in the world. Not the most beautiful, maybe, but the most inspiring. Who has not seen a woman of rare and distinguished beauty, closed, however by cares, torn by the anxiety of hope within and fears without, suddenly fling her sorrows and troubles aside and emerge radiant, dazzling, a queen?

So has Edmonton this wonderful March, torn off its late veil of unrest and uncertainty, to appear in a golden glow, and beneath deliciously blue skies its own fascinating, beautiful self.

Continental cities may boast the charm of the elegant, the correct, may please by their spick and spanness; in a well-bred and accomplished way we cannot touch them.

But what can match the air of Alberta, of Edmonton, on such a morning; the eternal inspiration of her heavenly-blue skies, the cosmopolitan variety of her street scenes, the suggestion of a mighty future peeping out at every turn. That out-going load of settlers, the incoming bus-loads of strangers to our midst. Possibility, possibility, possibility writ large over the entire city.

No one could remain uninfluenced by such an atmosphere. Everyone was out of doors to enjoy it. People who had not greeted each other for months, stopped and shook hands warmly, exchanging congratulations on the weather. Employers astonished their clerks by the mildness of their demeanor, and the civility of their speech, the very street loungers assumed an air of business, and cocked their well-worn hats a bit rakishly.

The mellow warmth of the sunshine, without either the oppressiveness of summer or the treacherous lassitude of later spring; the brisk atmosphere; the light sparkle of the air; spell health for old and young.

"Aren't you playing bridge this afternoon?"

"Not much, I'm off for a tramp." Such was a scrap of conversation borne on the breeze on Jasper avenue. Such weather has not only a negative effect upon the older and aged, it has a positive good influence upon the young and the strong.

The children thronged the streets and gardens with the music of their happy laughter and games. Spring-like costumes were common everywhere. On those were girls who were afraid they might otherwise be suspected of not having any, eyes were bright and cheeks rosy. Not a gloomy face was to be seen.

On Jasper ave and the tributary bus thoroughfares the traffic was brisk. It was just the day for one dressed for fashion to brighten a woman's costume. On a dull day clothes count for little. On a sunny day it is worth while to be smart. Today it is a joy to be alive in Edmonton.

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**The First Cigarettes in Britain**

The last survivor of the little company of Greeks who introduced the cigarette into Great Britain in the early sixties passed away a few days since at his residence in Portsmouth road, Maidstone, in the person of Mr. A. Zicaliotti, after a long illness.

The timid introduction of the cigarette into England was an outcome of the Crimean War. The late Mr. Zicaliotti was one of the company of four who came to this country from Russia and Greece. The actual first shop for cigarettes in this country was opened in London, in Leicester square, by a Greek captain in the Russian army, John Theodori.

He started 1861 by importing from Odessa a small staff of tobacco cutters and rollers, who attracted the interest of great crowds by rolling the cigarettes made in full view of the shop window. These early cigarettes were made with card mouthpieces after the old fashion still prevailing in Russia, and were known as "The Cannon," "The Pipe," "The Zealand," and "the Opera."

The next development was the "Vorouchou," a cigarette with one end turned in, but without a card-mouthpiece, and according to a pamphlet issued by the late Mr. Zicaliotti, some time ago, this was the first approach to the present form of cigarette.

The second shop in London was opened in 1865, in Regent street, by a Greek named Avronach, who first made the thick and long high class cigarettes known now as the "Cambridge" cigarette. Then came N. Karavavaki, at Winchester court, and the now, last deceased, A. Zicaliotti, in 1866, in Bloomsbury street.

Cigarette Makers

The late Mr. Zicaliotti started the first school for cigarette making by women in this country in Liverpool in 1869, and he used to boast that in the 24 years that he conducted the school he trained over 1,000 apprentices who spread all over the country, opening shops on their own account as the cigarette became more popular. The first cigarettes were made exclusively of Turkish tobacco.

The late Mr. Zicaliotti used to recall that they sold 12 for 15 cents in elaborate boxes, richly embossed with chromos of beautiful Eastern women wearing long gowns. After the cardboard tip went there came an apple tip, and then the cork tip.

The cork tip invented failed; Zicaliotti was before his time. Then came tobacco leaf tips, web tips, glass tips, silk tips, rose-leaf tips and violet tips, until the now popular gold and silver tips were invented and the second cork tip man came into his own.

**LEOPOLD THE GRAFTER**

There is never a politician whose methods are so hateful and subversive, or a swindler whose life is so despicable, that some one will not rise to defend him. As it is with them so it is with those in higher places. On the death of King Leopold, a monarch whose whole life was a disgrace to European civilization, there were not wanting those who sprang forward to defend his character and to make excuse for his private life and public acts.

But from the disclosures recently made in the Belgian chamber of deputies it appears that the depths of Leopold's infamy were not represented by what was known of his character during his lifetime. Not only was he the silent partner in Ostend gambling hells, the power behind the unspeakable brutality in the Congo government, the spendthrift friend of Parsonian demimondaines, and the robber of his own thrifty and loyal subjects.

Instead of leaving a fortune of nearly \$3,000,000, it is now disclosed that he had at least \$14,000,000 invested in companies managed by dubious directors, and that of this sum \$5,000,000 was in Congo bonds. It is admitted both by the minister of Justice and the leader of the Liberal party in parliament that state funds amounting at least to \$5,000,000, and possibly more, were converted by the late king to his own uses, and it is charged that he did so through the debasement of the judiciary and other officials.

The parliament is determined apparently to investigate the master to the bottom, and among other things it will try to ascertain how much of the stolen money has been put into the magnificent establishment given by the king to his mistress shortly before his death.

**THE MUSCULAR MAID**

It must have been easy to make a big hit. With the girls of our grandmother's days, when all they dared venture to do was to sit in their straightjacket fashion of stays. And watch their fond lovers performing great stunts. Of marvellous strength and of skill, Ah, yes, again a agile and muscular dame could capture the heart of a fair lady once!

I wish we were possible still! It is trying to pose as an oaken-limbed knight.

Before a fair feminine vine, Whom you know in the brawniest tourneys can smile.

You soundly five bouts out of nine!

She follows her out on the golf links some day.

And drive just your prettiest; but she addresses her ball, and it whistles away,

Till in distance your poor little golfie display.

Appears like a frivulous putt.

In yachting and driving it's ever the same.

She does them distressingly well: You really can't mention a sport or a game.

Wherein she's not ap: to excel.

We men thought she'd leave us our automobiles.

But it didn't occur to her thus;

So she's cutting the corners on only two wheels,

While the poor timid man who must ride with her feels

She is going the limit and plus!

Since in spheres where we once so triumphantly wrought

We must be so fully-betrayed,

We shall have to play even by turning our thoughts:

Toward the things that the women have left;

So I'll turn to embroidery, to knit

And their triumphs we'll never be grudge,

Till some time we'll fill their poor hearts with dismay

And they'll worship us since we know better than they

Just how to make tattling and fudge.

—Nixon Waterman.

**Starland**

For keen dramatic interest and exciting subjects, the last changes of programme at Starland have excelled all previous efforts. The "Winning Boat" held the attention of the onlookers from start to finish. A scene production, with a pretty romance, and thrilling boat race, it was one of the best of Kalen's productions. Another splendid drama of the Chicago board of trade was shown entitled "The Game." It gives a vivid insight into the workings of the exchange. The firm represented are handling a large deal which means their ruin or a fortune. The strain they pass through is terrible, but at the last moment the tide turns in their favor and all ends well. A comedy which could not fail to attract was acted by the Biograph Co. entitled "The Little Teacher." The innocent pranks and games brought back forcibly our own school days. The bully makes it most unhappy for the little teacher, but fate turns his heart and he becomes as much enamored as he had been bitter. All ends happily for them both to the joy of the whole school. A great addition to the programmes is the charming singing of Miss Ruth Reinhardt. This sweet soprano will soon be one of our leading artists, and all lovers of music should not fall to hear this new star.

**VERY DISCREET**

A party of ladies were taking dinner together at a well-known Italian restaurant the other evening and at a table half across the room sat a man whose singular conduct was attracting considerable attention. Said one of the ladies in a mysterious and confidential undertone to the waiter: "Gardon, parlez-vous Francaise?"

"Qui, Madame," was the quick response.

"Then," she continued eagerly, resuming her ordinary tone of voice and with it her English. "What's the matter with that man over there?"

**A GOOD MAN GONE WRONG**

He thought that gambling was a sin.

He wouldn't play the races;

He never saw the traces.

But he was he fell from grace,

And proved himself a felon—

He played the greatest risk of all—

He went and bought a melon.

**CHRONICLES OF THE KHAN****Jubilee**

Pork is ten a hundred.  
And it's far too much to pay;  
But better times are coming  
When the hens begin to lay.

As the Hebrews gathered manna,  
We will sally forth some day,

We will gather eggs in bushels  
When the hens begin to lay.

We will build a Canuck navy

That will boss the raging whey,

With half dozen Dreadnoughts when  
The hens begin to lay.

The great Payne-Aldrich tariff

Can't fill us with dismay;

They'll get the merry hal hal when  
The hens begin to lay.

Oh, people sigh for roses

And lilacs o'er the way,

But summer time is coming when  
The hens begin to lay.

The back of winter's broken,

He can't much longer stay,

The spring is pretty near us, when  
The hens begin to lay.

The farmer man is happy

The farmer's wife is gay,

So there is laughter in the family  
When the hens begin to lay.

There is music round the stables,

There is singing in the stable,

There is dancing in the chaff-house,  
When the hens begin to lay.

There's ham and eggs for breakfast,

There's custard pie all day,

There's an omelette for supper.  
When the hens begin to lay.

A robin's song's delightful,

But it isn't half so gay

As the cackle of a pullet.  
When the hens begin to lay.

You can either eat the eggs yourself

Or trade the eggs away,

For tea or canton flannel.  
When the hens begin to lay.

Oh, Christmas is a joyous time!

And so's St. Patrick's day,

But the best day in the year is when  
The hens begin to lay.

THE KHAN  
in Toronto Star.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**

"I began my career humbly as a solicitor of testimonials," said the Patent Medicinal King.

"I listened well."

"I was looking for old Dr. Killercure, of Killercure's Consumption Specific. It was my business to secure testimonies for advertising purposes. One day I was passing a Chinese laundry and I noticed that the proprietor's name was Wan Liang. An inscription seized me, and a \$2 bill did the rest. I turned in a testimonial from Wan Liang in which he announced that after using a bottle of Killercure's Consumption Specific he had gained his health again."

"The next day Dr. Killercure made me a partner in his business. Thus does chance mold our destinies."

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For Ellie J. Mirk, well known throughout the town, had Bright's Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

"I suffered for over four years from Kidney Disease which developed into Bright's Disease," Miss Mirk states.

"I had pains in head and back, and stiffness of the joints. I lost my appetite and suffered from dizziness and shortness of breath. I was weak and languid all the time.

"I was always nervous and could not keep my thoughts from wandering. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. Two-day I have, nor one, of these distressing symptoms."

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EDMONTON

**Home and Society**

Edmonton.

Society has apparently been seized with a very fervor of penitence during the past few days—probably having an eye to the near approach of Easter. We have not dined each other, we have not gossiped, we haven't so far as I am aware indulged in even one single festive pink-tea, surely we are full of grace and in a fit state to enjoy the post-Lenten distractions already being whispered of. There are several dances on the tapis, that I can confide to you. The Cricketers are giving one, the Hospital Aid another. Several private ones are under discussion, and if I am a true prophet, once the social ball is set in motion again, it will bowl merrily along.

Dame Rumor, at no time a respecter of seasons, has it that quite a number of people from Edmonton are intending passing the summer abroad. Her gossip includes the names of cabinet ministers down to ordinary private individuals, and refers rather indefinitely to "parties" who are going together. I hear that Mrs. C. de Wolfe MacDonald and her little daughter are shortly leaving for England, little "Donnie" MacDonald going down East on a visit during their absence.

Mrs. H. C. Wilson and her family are leaving for Banff in May, having leased the Lafferty cottage, and their house in Edmonton during the summer months, has been taken by Mr. John Sommerville, sr., of Santa Barbara, who everyone will be glad to hear, is bringing his family back to the Capital for the summer months.

I hear that Mrs. Bower Campbell and her daughter, Miss Nora Campbell, return the end of April from their southern jaunt, and that her long holiday has done wonders for this popular girl, who was none too strong when she and her mother left town.

Mrs. Harcourt is also spoken of as leaving for the Coast in a short time for a long holiday; the Sydney Woods are others who every year are early among the birds leaving for their island home at the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar are mentioned as probably visitors to England, while Mrs. Charlesworth leaves in a month or so's time with her children to spend a holiday with her people.

Everyone, apparently, is planning some favorite trip, so that if one is to be fashionable at the least, one must take a ferry trip "across the water" to Strathcona.

I had almost forgotten that Mr. O'Kelly leaves at this month end for his boat in the north, and that Mrs. O'Kelly is planning letting her handsome residence during his absence, and going south.

I saw Mrs. Pardee after her return from abroad on Tuesday, looking very smart and fit, and learn that Mr. Pardee is greatly benefited by his sojourn in sunny Italy.

Mrs. Graves and Miss Elise Graves came up from the Coast on Friday, and are guests at the Alberta, intending to spend quite a visit to town.

Mr. T. A. Davies of Ottawa, and his bride, (Miss Aimee Haycock), who were married the latter part of January, and have since had a delightful honeymoon in Bermuda, came up to the Capital on Saturday, and are already very cosily settled in a charming little cottage on Eighth street south. I understand Mrs. Davies will not receive until after Easter.

Affairs have been so amicably conducted at the House this week that most of the ladies have lost interest; intermittent squalls not being of sufficient importance to tempt them to devote an afternoon to such a poor gamble. Gentlemen! We expect better things of you.

Dr. and Mrs. A. C. de Lotbiniere Harwood are rejoicing in the birth of a little son, who arrived on Sunday last. Mrs. Harwood was previous to her marriage, Miss Margard of Pretoria, S.A., and came out West with Col. Steele to be married. Already the friends of this very talented young mother from the far-away Transvaal have cabled congratulations on the happy event.

Mrs. Bulyea receives at Government House this afternoon (Thursday), when I have no doubt, being a beautiful day, a great many will avail themselves of the privilege of paying their devours.

—PEGGY.

The negro woman who comes regularly to the apartment on the appointed business of Monday appeared last week in widow's weeds that she wore with an air of pride.

"What can be the matter, 'Liza?" inquired the mistress. "Why, you've only been married a week and here you are in mourning!"

"Well, you see," said 'Liza, "I never was a regular widow before. When my last 'ol' man died I didn't have the money to buy a mournin' outfit, so this is a weddin' present from my husband."

**Mr. Joe Martin, M.P.—His Stormy Political Career.**

Vancouver Province.

Mr. Joseph Martin has for once taken by surprise even Canadians who know him, and who among Canadians do not know him? It is not that we did not expect him to start trouble. Transvaal have cabled congratulations on the happy event.

Mrs. Bulyea receives at Government House this afternoon (Thursday), when I have no doubt, being a beautiful day, a great many will avail themselves of the privilege of paying their devours.

—PEGGY.

Those who remember his Manitoba career will recall that he was almost two years in that province before he forced his way into the Legislature. It is true that he was younger then than now and may have been afflicted with what he would term indifference. Once in the House, however, he kept the political life of Manitoba in a ferment till he broke into federal politics in 1893 as member for Winnipeg. At that time the Liberals, with which party he was then associated, were in opposition, and Mr. Martin worked harmoniously with them. In 1896, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier carried the country, and very ungratefully cast Mr. Martin, who had not been elected in

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### MADAME CURIE

A middle-aged woman, fairly tall, with pale face. Her features regular, clear-cut, and of the Polish type. Her lips thin and slightly harsh-looking, suggesting past privations. Her forehead remarkably high and crowned with waves of golden hair. Her face alight with enthusiasm.

Such is Madame Curie, whom her admirers call "the greatest woman in the world," and who in conjunction with another French scientist, has made such wonderful discoveries regarding the element polonium, which is 500 times rarer than radium. Of course it was Madame Curie who with her husband, discovered radium.

She is one of the very rare women with a passion for science. Most women lack the nicey of observation, the attention to minute detail, the patience, the physical strength, required for laboratory work. With her, however, it is different. Her love of research is an inheritance.

Her nursery was a laboratory. Forty years ago (Mme. Curie is now in her forty-fifth year) she gave up her dolls to play with retorts, crucibles and test tubes in the scientific workshop of her father, M. Skłodowski, professor of physics at a college in Warsaw. Like most professors, he was never gifted with pecuniary wealth, but he nevertheless contrived to send a considerable portion of his income on scientific experiments.

His little daughter, as soon as she could toddle almost, spent her playtime with him. When she was a little older, she constituted herself his "washer," cleaning the instruments and apparatus after he had done with it. Quite likely she would don an old apron over her short frock and busy herself with washing and drying flasks, beakers, mortars, burettes, pipettes. These were her toys and she handled them reverently.

When she grew older she began to learn the various places in the laboratory for every instrument and every bottle and something of their meaning.

#### Struggle Upwards

Poverty is usually recognized as pinching a woman harder than a man. It needed all the girl scientist's pluck and enthusiasm to sustain her during her early student days in Paris. The pale-faced high-browed girl who was afterwards to divide with her husband and M. Bequerel the Nobel Science award of \$30,000 and who was destined to be the first woman to be appointed to a chair at the Paris Sorbonne, was so poor, that when she first arrived in that city she had to go to study at a municipal working-class technical school. It was in the laboratory here that her wonderful capabilities attracted the attention of Professor Curie, whom she subsequently married.

Mme. Curie lives frugally in a quiet house in Paris, screened from the outer world by a high wall. When she is not in her laboratory or indulging in her favorite recreation, cycling, she is to be found teaching her little adopted Irene of whom she is passionately fond. For the mother is never lost sight of in the scientist. She is devoted to her home as though she had never heard of pitch-blende.

Other women who might be inclined to envy her are disarmed by her modesty. When an admirer labors her with compliments upon her achievements she smiles almost in astonishment and shrugs her shoulders as though she had done nothing to make a fuss about.

When, upon the death of her husband, she was appointed to a chair at the Sorbonne, the great seat of learning in Paris, it was decided by several women to present her with a testimonial. The occasion demanded it (so it was thought) for was not Mme. Curie the first woman who had ever achieved such an honor?

The scientist's reply, however, spoilt everything. She said quietly: "It would be contrary to my husband's ideas and certainly to my own." So her feminine admirers departed without leaving their testimonials behind them.

Yet, despite her modesty, it is known that she was more than a mere assistant to her husband. It is indeed claimed that she herself was the originator of the radium discoveries. The best testimonial to her abilities came from Professor Curie himself when he was offered the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor and refused it because the same decoration was not offered to her.

Notes Nothing.

She shares with most savants that faculty of abstraction that is so valuable to those engaged in scientific work. When she is employed upon a difficult piece of research she hears nothing, sees nothing, and is unmoved

by anything that is not directly concerned with her investigations. It is said that once when in the middle of an absorbing experiment a servant ran into the laboratory screaming loudly, "Madame, madame, I have swallowed a pin!" "There, there, don't cry," said Mme. Curie soothingly, "here is another that you may have."

Mme. Curie has a sister who is a notable doctor of medicine in Austria, and as an instance of heredity it may be stated that the famous scientist believes that her little daughter shows promise of even more brilliant scientific power than herself. She is training the child with the intention of developing these talents to the utmost.

#### A MONUMENT TO SEDDON

Now, in the Imperial Capital's Cathedral—in the centre of the Empire he served—we honor his memory in the land that gave him birth, as they honor it in the land that gave him fame.

With these suggestive words, in the presence of a large company of people gathered from almost every quarter of the empire, the Duke of Argyll unveiled in the crypt at St. Paul's Cathedral, on February 10th, a memorial to New Zealand's late Prime Minister, Mr. Richard John Seddon. It consists of a white marble portrait of Mr. Seddon in high relief, with a bronze setting. Two wreaths of laurels are suspended from the upper corners bearing the names of the principal cities of New Zealand. Beneath the portrait are figures representing "Administration" and "Justice."

The memorial is inscribed as follows:

To the memory of  
**RICHARD JOHN SEDDON,**  
Prime Minister of New Zealand,  
1893-1906.

Imperialist, Statesman, Reformer.  
Born June 2nd, 1845, at Helens, Lancashire. Died at sea, June 10th, 1906. Buried at Observatory Hill, Wellington, New Zealand

Among those who assembled were Sir Charles Lucas (representing the Colonial Office in the absence of Lord Crave, who was attending the Cabinet meeting), the Hon. W. Hall-Jones, High Commissioner for New Zealand; Mrs. Seddon, and Dr. Morice, Lord Strathcona, high commissioner for Canada, Sir Frederick Young, the Countess of Ranfurley, Mr. J. Cartwright Wason, the mayor and deputy-mayor of St. Helens, Mr. T. Glover, M. P., for St. Helens, Mr. Will Crooks, and Maori Chief Rangiuia. At the outset the Duke of Argyll announced that he had received the following cablegram from Mrs. Seddon: "Revere deeply national honor today; also this message from Sir Joseph Ward, the present prime minister of New Zealand: 'My thoughts are with you today.'

After the hymn "For ever with the Lord," the Duke of Argyll delivered an address. Mr. Seddon was, he said, like one of the heroic knights of Northern story who sailed forth for conquest and adventure on the track of the rising sun. Leaving his Lancastrian home, he wrought a great work, in the southern seas, where a young community possessing a glorious land, was free to try anew how its growth might be shaped to worthy ends, and the blemishes and failures known by their fathers, he only remembered; but their causes might be avoided. He did much to realize his ideal, and to cause New Zealand to be seen as a gracious hostess, welcoming the weary and the sorrow-laden, and giving to all hope and confidence and strength. Mr. Seddon gave no uncertain voice when the call came to prove the union of the Empire. "Loyalty," he said, "is but kinship large, and every man and woman of the colony is proud of the crimson thread which makes the people of New Zealand loyal sons and daughters of the British Empire. Whatever be the sacrifice, we cheerfully take our stand beside the Mother Country for the maintenance of her honor and the integrity of the empire."

After the Duke of Argyll had removed the Union Jack which covered the memorial a short service was conducted by Archdeacon Sinclair. The cathedral organist, Sir George Martin, accompanied the musical portions on a harmonium.

The memorial was the work of Sir George Frampton, R.A.

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As many ladies perhaps know already, we have been moving our Ready-to-wear department to the second floor. This is now ready and enables us to display to advantage the most attractive stock of costumes, coats and skirts which we have ever gathered together at one time. All the large fashion centres are well represented; you will find lace coats from Brussels; suits from New York, cloth coats from a famous Berlin couturier, and our own Canadian creations contribute in no small degree to make this one of the most complete collections Edmonton has ever seen.

In the preparation of the "setting" for this artistic display no expense has been spared. The lights are well arranged to enable every creation to be comfortably inspected and there is a complete fitting room which is under the very capable management of Miss Bruce.

### Miss Bruce

has made a study of this particular class of work both theoretically and practically. She has had a number of years experience in Toronto and Winnipeg, and is at your service for consultation on matters of style or color scheme.

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Any garment which we undertake to alter for a purchaser we guarantee to fit, without extra charge. We have every confidence in stating that the service in this department will prove a boon to many of our customers.

### On the Styles

The authoritative style tendency is a matter of particular moment, and in making your purchase here you can make no mistake in this respect.

### Suits

In Suits the predominant style is the "mannish" effect both in cut and fabric; homespuns, worsteds and serges are the favorites in a wide range of colorings, which include raisin, mode, wisteria, carob and easterino. Coats are being worn much shorter than in the Fall models, ranging from 30 to 36 inches, with the long roll collar. Skirts are invariably pleated.

### Separate Coats

Separate Coats are being shown in short and three-quarter length with Moire silk as the popular trimming. In the longer lengths coverts and diagonals are strong favorites.

### Separate Skirts

Separate Skirts, like the suit skirts, are pleated in a variation of yoke and overskirt effects as well as the tunic and fish-wife models.

### Capes

The well-dressed woman should not be without a Cape, as these are so much in vogue in the leading style centres. In our array you will find the military or the more elaborately trimmed, suitable both for the street or evening wear. All styles shown here are confined exclusively to this salon and in many cases there is only one of each style.

### Misses and Children's

Coats and dresses, blouses, whitewear and lingerie you will find in equal profusion on the second floor.

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